



An Excellent New SONG, Intituled,

Valiant Jockie

His LADIES Resolution,

To be sung to its own proper Tune.

Valiant Jockie, march'd away,
To fight a Battle with great Mackay;
Leaving me poor Soul alas! forlorne,
To curse the hour that ever I was born
But I swear I'll follow too,
And dearest Jockie, Fate pursue;
Near him be, to guard his precious Life,
Never Scot had such a Loyal Wife.
Sword I'll wear, I'll cut my hair;
Tane my Cheeks that was so fair;
In Souldiers weed to him I'll speed,
Never such a Trooper crost the Tweide.

Trumpet sound the victory,
Sure I'll be kil'd, the next Dundee;
Loves raging Fate doth all agree,
To do some glorious act for me:
Great Bellona take my part,
Fame and honour guard my Heart;
That for poor old Scotland's good,
Some brave Action may deserve my blood
Nought shall appear, from all Fame I fear,
Fighting by his side I lov'd so dear;
All the World shall own that ne'er was known
Such a Loyal Lads this Thoulend year.

Now in Noble Armour bright,
I with coragious Heart will fight;
Fear of death shall ne'er my courage stain,
Our King's Right I will maintain:
For the glory of our Sex,
We all our Rebels shall perplex,
And let them find that Women kind,
Sometimes venture with a warlike mind,

Age of old, our Fame has told,
Therefore I shall never be controul'd;
By Friend, or Foe, I'll freely go,
Never was a Trooper Armed so.

I shall a helmet then put on,
Armed like a valiant warlike Man;
Plats of steel shall guard my Back and Breast,
Carabines and Pistols I'll protest,
In my Hand, I'll cock and prime,
Now and for ever is the time;
While I am mounted thus *Cappa pi*;
Warlike Thunder shall my Musick be:
Let smook arise and dim the Skies,
While we pursue the warlik prize;
Lauralls shall us crown, with true renown,
The Victory, in City, Court and Town.

Mars the God of war shall lead
Our Army, that shall fight and Bleed;
Or e'er our Foes shall hope to win the day
Therefore let us march with speed away
Hark, I hear the Trumpets sound,
We shall be all with Conquests Crown'd;
Let all my Foes brag and boast,
Victory and Triumph shall ride through the
Glory and Fame shall then proclaim (Host
The Actions of a warlik valiant Dame;
If Foes draw nigh, I'll scorn't to Fly,
But with my dearest Love I'll live and dye.

F I N I S